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**A**  
**Familiar EPISTLE**  
**TO HIS EXCELLENCY**  
**CHARLES**  
**EARL OF**  
**SUNDERLAND.**

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO PRESS

A

FAMILIAR EPISTLE

TO HIS EXCELLENCY

CHAMBERLAIN

OF

SUNDERLAND.

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A FAMILIAR  
EPISTLE  
TO HIS EXCELLENCY  
CHARLES *Earl of* SUNDERLAND,  
ONE OF THE  
LORDS JUSTICES  
OF  
ENGLAND.

*S. J. R.*

..... *In publica Commoda peccem,*  
*Si, longo Sermone, morer tua Tempora* .....

HOR.



LONDON:

Printed for, and Sold by J. ROBERTS, in *Warwick-Lane*; and by  
J. GRAVES, in *St. James's Street*; and T. GRIFFITH, at  
*Charing-Cross*. MDCCXX.



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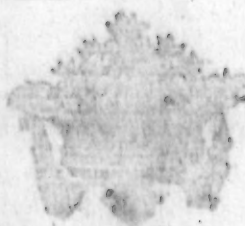
OF

ENGLAND.

By the Order of the Council

Printed by W. B. Whittaker, at the

Printers




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CHARLES  
EARL OF  
SUNDERLAND.

oaded, my LORD, with Cares of State;  
Press'd by the Wealthy and the Great;  
Fatigu'd for *GEORGE* and *Britain's* Good;  
Crown'd with Success, tho' much withstood:  
Postpone Your Toil: Deign to peruse  
The little Levities; a Muse,  
Not over-gay, at present, sends,  
To make You smile, and please Your Friends.

'Tis no New Thing for Bards, with Letters,  
In Metre, to address their Betters,  
Without being thought Unbred or Rude :

Verse must be very bad t' intrude.

This was the constant Trade of *Horace*,  
And Others (whom you've read) before us.

But stop, adventurous Muse, thy Flight ;  
Consider well, before you write.

Important are His Lordship's Hours ;

Not Vuide and Humorous, like yours :

The Fate of Empires is His Care,

A Glorious Peace ! or Lawful War !

Besides, you must not write in Haste ;

His Judgment's good ; refin'd His Taste.

Politest Learning ; brightest Wit ;

Whatever, with Applause, is writ ;

(Whether recorded be the Lore

In Ancient Archives dusty Store ;

Or,





Or, whether to the Height are brought  
 Sciences, by Modern Thought)  
 These are His Favourites ; and, of course,  
 His Conversations can't be worse.

Think I, These Thoughts are Just and True ;  
 A Letter from *Kinsale* won't do :  
 Cloudy's the Climate, Poor the Land ;  
 Verse thrives not on the Barren Sand :  
 Forc'd too from Town ; nay, Banish'd quite,  
 It is impossible to write !  
 Albeit, herein some Comfort lies,  
*Bank-Stock* and *South-Sea* mainly rise ;  
 Nay, *Bubbles* turn to solid Good ;  
 Discharge my Rent, and buy my Food.  
 And, as kind Fate increases Wealth,  
 So, Wife and Children are in Health.

But, if I write, what shall I say ?  
 An *Irish Tale* ! ----- *Once on a Day, &c.*

No, No! Be wise, sink, for this Time,  
Thy Love for SUNDERLAND and Rhime.

What is't to Him, that at *Kinsale*  
Our *Claret's* Bad, and Worfe our *Ale*?  
Or, that our *Rum* and *Brandy's* Good,  
As e'er was tipp'd, or fir'd Mens Blood?  
And that there is no cheaper Thing  
Sold in this Town? — God bless the King!

It must, for certain, be amiss,  
To send such trifling Stuff, as this:  
To tell him, That the Folk in Town,  
For want of War, are quite undone;  
That they have no Estates in Lands;  
And that their Time hangs on their Hands:  
How *Haddock* snarls at *Griffy Beven*,  
How *Ferry* laughs from Six t' Eleven;  
How most Men live at Six and Seven.  
In short, The Humours of this Town,  
In *Piccadilly*, will not down:

Nei-



Neither the *Billingsgate* of *Scilly*;  
 Nor the dry Jokes of *Bowler Billy*.  
 And, if I steer *Killala-Course*,  
 That Journal will be worse and worse.

Think, then, I must, before I write  
 And so, bethinking what it' indite;  
 I found, in this Corrected Age,  
 Our Diction Chaste, and Just our Rage:  
 I found, the *Wits* were strictly taught  
 Propriety of Stile and Thought:  
 And straight on choicest Modern Rhime,  
 Imploy'd my curious, well-spent Time  
 For, truly, of the *Classick-kind*,  
 Little, in our Old Bards, I find,

To ADDISON I first apply'd;  
 Poet, and Orator beside!  
 ' Much his Great Name to *Justness* owes:  
 When highest swell'd, he ne'er o'erflows;  
 And,

And, when the dangerous Deep he shuns,  
 Tho' Low, yet Clear and Sweet he runs:  
 Cool Judgment tempers Hottest Fire:  
 Art guides, what Genius does inspire.

While GARTH, with Labour, strives to please,  
 POPE versifies with perfect Ease:  
 While POPE, in Female Softness, shines,  
 GARTH languishes in Manlier Lines.  
 Both have their Beauties; Both excell  
 In Thinking, and in Writing well.

PHILIPS I've read: He's Pure, he's Terse;  
 Sound is his Sense, and Smooth his Verse.  
 Ah! would he court the Groves again;  
 And charm, anew, th' admiring Swain!  
 Again, frequent the Muses Throng,  
 And finish *Thule's* Heav'nly Song!

I've read too (not without Delight)  
 What TICKELL, and what WELSTED write;      Na-



Nature's own Beauties they pursue ;  
 Their Stile Correct, their Manner New.

This when I'd done, with strictest Care,  
 I stopp'd my own vain, fond Career ;  
 And said, None, but the First-rate Wit,  
 To sing my SPENCER can be fit :  
 The Noble Blood, let such Men show,  
 Which, thro' His Purple Veins, does flow  
 Those Honours, which He does inherit,  
 Or Those, which GEORGE bestows on Merit  
 How ( good as Guardian Angels are )  
 He Reconcil'd the **ROYAL PAIR** !  
 How Faction sick, nay, dead's become,  
 While He administers at Home !  
 And, How all *Europe's* more at Peace,  
 Than, ever yet, in Former Days !  
 Our Credit High ! Inrich'd our Trade !  
 Our Debts, even without Money, paid !

Yes!



Yes ! certainly, it must be so  
 For these High Themes, my Rhime's too Low  
 I cannot, must not, on them dwell :

For though, in Metre, I might tell,  
 (And Metre good) how I withdraw  
 To *Ireland*, to go to Law,  
 Yet, surely, this will ne'er suffice  
 To sing the Statesman, Learn'd and Wise  
 Nor make my Verse swell to the End,  
 With *GEORGE*'s Favorite and Friend  
 And so the Poet's Condition  
 Well ! Since I can't Rhime, I'll Petition

My LORD, then, that I may conclude,  
 (For, being Tedious, is being Rude)  
 Make me (to fill my earnest Wish)  
 An *English* Dean, or *Irish* Bishop

And Your Petitioner will Ever Pray

! Credit High ! In the Trade !

Our Debt, even with Money, paid !

